

The East Saginaw Courier.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER YEAR; INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

GEO. F. LEWIS, PUBLISHER.

VOLUME 1.

EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, AUGUST 18, 1859.

NUMBER 4.

Business Directory.

East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

Published every Thursday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigan.

TERMS: \$1.50 a year. Invariably in advance.

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Way mail to Flint daily at 1 P. M.
Ypsilanti & Tawas mail semi-weekly on Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M.
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G. G. HESS, P. M.

East Saginaw, August 4, 1859.

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NOTICE.

THOSE INDENTED TO US EITHER NOTE or account, are requested to send and settle the same without delay, as we are determined to close all accounts. Hereafter our terms are Cash.

A DISGRACE TO THE STATE.

Some weeks since we published an account of the forcible abduction of a negro girl from the steamer North Star, at Detroit, by a gang of negroes. It seems that the girl and her sister, whom they did not succeed in dragging into their Canada then, were servants of a lady from Kentucky, who was returning home from Lake Superior. Not satisfied with this outrage, some of the black republicans of Detroit, in accordance with the "barbarous act" passed by the Legislature, contemplated arresting the lady and sending her to State Prison for the term of ten years, for bringing a slave into the State, and it would have done so had not the steamship departed before their plan was matured. This is a most disgraceful transaction, and one which places Michigan in the same category with the most virulent abolition States of New England; aye, in the front rank.

The negroes elated with success watch the arrival of the North Star, which boat seems to be an abolition institution, and on her return from Lake Superior, on Friday the 28th ult., as we learn from the Free Press, they again made a descent upon the steamer and attempted to capture a large negro who was in company with some Southerners. But they caught a Tartar. He was an athletic fellow, and drawing a revolver declared that he would blow out the brains of "any darkey that attempted to make a rescue subject of him." They concluded to let him alone. The local of the Free Press, thus concludes:

"In conversation with these Southerners we were informed that the late abduction case, and the shameful treatment of the southern lady from whom the girl was taken, have had their effect at the south, where all the circumstances are well known, and that travel has been turned aside from our routes to an extent not easily estimated. Prejudice has also been excited against the boat, in consequence of the severe comments of southern newspapers, which, as may be imagined, have not been couched in moderate terms. However, blameless the boat or its officers may be, the fact exists, much to our public detriment. The feeling is strong and natural against entering a State when under circumstances, in their view, of harm, they become criminals amenable to the law."

The protest of Col. Dickey, republican member of the Legislature from Calhoun, against the passage of this "barbarous" law, as he terms it, may now be appreciated. He said:

"That without cause, it was neither wise, expedient or humane to place so barbarous a law upon our statute books, especially if it should conflict with the constitution of the United States, and when, under existing laws, every slave brought into our State is declared free the moment he touches her soil, so far as the constitution and laws of this State are concerned."

"The making of a State Prison offence for any gentlemen from the southern or southwestern States to come into, or pass through this State, upon any of our thoroughfares, with his family and servants, claimed as slaves, is to say the least, entering upon a policy, and such an one as the great republican party of the country should thoroughly understand before reading any one out for not conceding it."

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.—At any time after this date, those who desire to have a good fair crop of strawberries next spring may begin to get their ground ready for setting out the plants. In preparing the beds there are just two points to be borne in mind, and put in practice, the first is that the ground cannot be stirred too deep, and second that it cannot be made too rich with manure. As to the varieties to be grown it is unquestionable that no bed is perfect without a good proportion of Hovey's Seedling. After this may be tried Wilson's Seedling which appears have made a steady progress for the past two or three years, and according to all accounts is becoming a general favorite. A few hundred plants of this kind is worth a trial. We note that Prince of Long Island classes it as one of the six best staminate varieties which are suitable for field culture, but which require to be cultivated in rows, and to have their runners cut off. The same authority also recommends for field culture, where the plants are to be allowed to cover the ground, and thus dispense of hoeing, weeding, and trimming, the Scarlet Magenta as the heaviest of all strawberries, and the Diadem, as one of the most productive; the Eclipse, as early, upright, clean and beautiful, and some other sorts that he has proved.—Michigan Farmer July 23.

ALLITERATIVE.—A phreid phoeing phumny phigative, phurnishes the following:

"4ty 4timate 4estors 4itiously 4tifying 4 4lorn 4tresses, 4cibly 4bade 4ty 4midable 4eigners 4ming 4aging 4ees."

A barber desired a groggy customer of his, on Sunday morning, whose breath smelled strong of alcohol, to keep his mouth shut, or the establishment might get indicted for keeping a rum hole open on Sunday.

One person having been asked by another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money said, "What lend him money? You might give him an emetic and he wouldn't return it!"

The last invention in Ohio is an India-rubber meat saw. Progressive age, this.

Selected Poetry.

THE SABBATH.

Sidney Smith pronounced the following sonnet one of the most beautiful in the English language:

With solemn awe I feel the sacred morn,
Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is born,
A grave interior curls from the hill.
And echoes answer softer from the hill,
And softer angelic haunts from the thorn—
The sky's last wafting is a tone low shrill,
Half light serene; Hail! sacred Sabbath morn.
The sun a placid yellow lustre shows;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in sweet repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgoes to move;
So smiling the day when the first morn arose.

MY BABY.

BY SPENCER W. COKE.

Out of all the little people
That you know,
Great little children, poor little babies,
Big or little, blubber, brimstone,
Dimpled beauties, dimpled pets,
Or the ugliest of abortions
With upturned faces for their portions—
None you care for so fondly as I do.
Hail! little one, my baby,
That curls like a ring of candles—
Out of all the little people
You care for,
None I love so dearly as you.

Did you ever see a darling
Whom its "mum" the "Hesperus" starting,
With its head on its mother's breast,
And its arms round her neck,
Did you ever see a darling
Whom its "mum" the "Hesperus" starting,
With its head on its mother's breast,
And its arms round her neck,
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THE HUNTER'S RUSE.

A TALE OF THE COLORADO.

It was the 25th of September, 1852, when a party of us left the upper banks of the Brazos, bound on a buffalo hunt in the Colorado country; the great table land rising between these points offering excellent grazing facilities, and always furnishing plenty of these "Monarchs of the prairie."

Our party consisted of ten persons, principally trappers, and all under the leadership of an old bear and buffalo hunter, named Carl Wayland. One of our comrades, however, was a young, hot-headed Missourian, who, having had some little experience in the Red River Company on the Lower Kansas grounds, thought himself complete master of all the "tricks of the avamp," and thoroughly acquainted with prairie life. This vain conceit had rendered Roger Barclay obnoxious to all the elder hunters and trappers, and especially so to Carl Wayland.

"Don't let us take Roger Barclay with us," said one of the trappers, on the morning of starting.

Wayland looked up at the remark, and a singular expression passed over his features.

"Why not?" he asked, presently, in a dry tone.

"There sure to be a muss if we do. He can't keep that tongue of his still, an' I for one am gettin' near tired of his pranks," said the first speaker, whose name was Jack Gadette, a Canadian.

"I guess there won't be any difficulty," said Carl, as he slung his long rifle over his shoulder and prepared to mount.

The rest, being accustomed to follow Carl's lead, proceeded to do the same. But there was something so peculiar in the expression of the hunter's face, that my suspicions were aroused; besides, knowing his aversion for Barclay, I wondered at his apparent desire for his company. Gaining his side, I said to him sotto voce:

"How is it, Carl, that not liking Roger you still seem anxious for him to accompany us?"

"I'll tell you when we're alone," he said, as he observed the object of the conversation come out of the camp to join us.

The party was soon ready with lasso and rifle, knives and accoutrements, and we started at a brisk canter over the plains. The morning was one of rare beauty; the tall grass still waving green around us, a bright sky above, with the glorious sun kissing the dew from the white crests of pulp, and gleaming on the damp leaves of the scattered mesquite. We were all apparently in the best of spirits, none of us dreaming of any accident to happen, or supposing for a moment that in a few days we should return one less in number than when we started out.

The Missourian seemed specially elated and swore roundly, ere we had ridden half an hour, that he would kill more game than any other one in the party; but we had all become accustomed to his bragadoecio, and paid little or no attention thereto. Nothing of interest occurred until noon, the party keeping pretty well together and the conversation being general. When we passed for our midday meal, and to rest our horses beneath the genial shade of a small grove, Carl Wayland proposed to go in search of water, and, at a sign from him, I agreed to accompany him.

"Yes, want to know, lad," he began, when we had got beyond the reach of hearing by our comrades, "why I want that loud-mouthed braggart along?"

"Exactly," I replied.

"Yes, aware, I s'pose, that I haint got no good blood for him; I never had for

any such mean skunk. I've lived the life of a free hunter and ranger on these prairies nigh all my life; I've fit the greatest yer under old Sam Houston; I never know'd anything but honesty, and when I find a man what's ignorant o' that I don't have no respect for him. I can't.

"You think, then," I ventured to remark, "that Barclay is not only a coward and braggart but also dishonest?"

"Think?" almost thundered the ranger; "I know it. I seldom think; it's dangerous. You heard me grumblin' 'tother day about some of my traps bein' troubled; that my luck was worse n'r anybody else's, an' I thought o' movin' down to the Leon?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, I thought it a little singular that I should have such bad luck alone. All the other trappers was doin' well, an' why shouldn't I? That was no varmint I thought, that could have partial sin agin me. So last night I watched my traps, an' I solved the mystery. What do you think I found?"

I could scarce form an idea.

"That darned skunk a stealin' 'em!"

"Barclay?"

"Aye, and now mark me, and remember—Carl Wayland always keeps his word—it'd be dang'rous for me to take any revenge on him at the camp; but if I don't get even with him before we return, then may I gin under to the first bar oragin I meet!"

There was a dangerous light in the gray eyes of the stalwart hunter, as he spoke, and a stern frown darkened his rugged brow. I began to fear that he might do something rash. He seemed to divine my thoughts, and immediately said:

"Don't think hard of what I'm goin' to do, lad; I'm only goin' to show him a buffer trick whic'll learn him a lesson that'll make him honest. If danger should come from it, it's his own fault."

By this time we had come to a small stream that bubbled up cool and fresh from among some rocks, and filling our canteens, we returned to the camp.

The day wore on with the same monotony as before, and at night we encamped on a northern branch of the Colorado, without having seen a buffalo. The evening wore on, as we sat about our little camp-fire, telling stories and jesting, as was our wont. Some of the hunters had spread their boughs and blankets ready to lie down, when I noticed Carl rise suddenly to his feet, and look keenly towards the northwest. At the same moment one of the hunters made the remark that a breeze was raising. I at once became conscious of the fact. The day had been quite sultry, towards the close; and had not the sky been clear, and the moon beaming bright above us, I should have anticipated a storm. But, as I rose and gazed around, I could discover no indication of such a thing.

Our camp was made about half a mile from the Colorado river, in a grove of cedars, and at the base of a long range, along which we had travelled for several hours in the afternoon.

"What is the matter, Carl?" I whispered to the hunter, who still stood gazing in the direction I have indicated.

He did not answer but gazed towards the horses, which we had corralled but a short distance from us. Following the direction of his glance, I observed the heads and ears erect, in an attitude of alarm, while Carl's own steed, which was a blooded mare, presently neighed loudly. The hunter now threw himself flat upon the ground, with his ears pressed down over his eyes, and remained there for several seconds, when he silently took hold of my hand and drew me down beside him. Applying my ear to the ground, I at once detected a dull rumbling sound, like distant thunder, while the earth seemed to vibrate beneath my check.

"Buffer!" was his solitary whispered word. Then springing to his feet, he cried out in his thrilling voice:

"To horse! boys! to horse! if ye'd kill a Buffer by moonlight!" and he sprang toward the corral.

If a thunder-bolt, or a band of Cannahs had burst suddenly into the camp, it would not have caused greater astonishment than this announcement. Our comrades had been so interestedly engaged in telling their stories of hunting and trapping that they had paid no attention to the singular actions of their leader.

All was now confusion, however. But all being accustomed to be ready at a moment's notice either for the scent of the game, or to grapple with an enemy, but few moments elapsed before we were ready, and every man in the saddle.

As we were about to start, Carl Wayland rode up to my side, and in a low voice said:

"You never hunted much, have you lad?"

"Not this kind of game," I replied, for I had been but a few months in that region.

"Then keep near me," he said. "Let the others do what they kin; you watch, and keep near me."

I promised compliance, and turning to the rest, he said:

"Boys, taint no use to try a long chase; our horses are too tired; keep in the timber until I say forward."

We kept the skirt of the timber, traveling a reasonable canter, as we ascended the large range I have described, our eyes gleaming with anxious excitement and desire, while our hearts beat warm and quick. Once I caught a glimpse of Roger Barclay's face, as the gleam of the moonlight fell upon it. It was lit up with the flush of excitement; his eyes seemed to dance with anxious pleasure, and his nostrils worked convulsively beneath his

mustache. Even his horse—a fine animal—seemed to share his master's enthusiasm and careered about with the vigor of a colt. In a few moments he took the lead. I glanced at Carl, and that same meaning smile curled his lip; his brow darkened, and seemed to keep in the centre, then his lips grew rigid, and his entire features appeared moulded in iron. Barclay had scarce reached the top of the hill—fifty yards in our advance—when he uttered a loud shout, undulating his ride, loosened the coil of his lariat and dashed away.

Sure enough, there upon the plain below us, scarce half a mile away, and plainly discernible in the moonlight, was a herd of what appeared to be thousands of their darkling forms, running at a slow pace towards an eastern point of the range as its prairie when a storm is anticipated in the night.

A wild shout burst from all our lips—all but one, Carl Wayland. He had fixed his gaze only upon Roger Barclay, now an hundred rods in advance; and from his clenched lips he uttered in a deep tone:

"Now, then, for my time!"

As these words reached my ears, I trembled in my stirrups. A heavy presentiment came over me of something terrible about to happen; not that I thought Carl capable, even in moments of anger or instances of wrong, of doing a wilful crime, still with my gaze fixed steadily upon the hunter, I entirely forgot the sport.

The instant Wayland had discovered the course of the game, he veered off to the right, as if to intercept their path, while the others followed the trail of the Missourian, who had dashed straight for the foremost of the herd.

I watched the progress of events. We were nearing the point of their crossing the range; Barclay was within a few yards of the leader—a tremendous black fellow, with huge top knot. He raised his lariat over his head, and aimed it with fatal precision. Carl was within thirty yards; his steed suddenly drew up, and the ranger's ride came to his shoulder. The lariat was thrown; its coil flashed through the moonlight and encircled the buffalo's head. In the same instant of time Carl's rifle cracked. The bullock plunged forward upon its knees, and the Missourian, snatched by the sudden jerk of the lasso, pitched forward over his horse's head!

I reined in and closed my eyes with horror! I heard the human thunderclaps sweep by me—heard the report of several rifles, their wild shouts of triumph—and then a faintness of several moments came over me. When I again recovered consciousness, I saw the lying herd in the distance, while three of their number lay upon the prairie. But before me was gathered our circle of friends around some object of interest. I at once recognized the Missourian. I then heard the voice of Carl say:

"The fool held too tight on his lasso; he was pitched from his horse; but he's only stunned."

"Thank God!" was my mental exclamation; but the thought had scarcely formed itself in my mind, when one of the men cried:

"No, no, Carl; look here! That's the whole print of his horses foot right on the top of his head; his skull is smashed in!"

Carl Wayland started back, and grew pale as death. His eyes, as he raised them upward, seemed starting from their sockets; then glancing round with a startled air, they rested on me. The color came and went with fearful rapidity. He strode forward to where I still sat motionless upon my horse; and, laying his heavy hand upon my thigh, he said, in a deep, hoarse, threatening voice:

"I didn't mean to do it; 'fore heaven I didn't! I shot the buffer only to give the skunk a fall; but, great God! I didn't mean to kill him!"

Of this I was perfectly conscious; and as the affair was, it was beyond my power to remedy it. The rest, in the excitement, did not see the act, and knew no motive for it, and, in truth, from the bad odor of the man, and believing it to be an accident, they did not grieve much.

Roger Barclay found an untimely grave in the prairie, on the spot where he fell. It was late when the last rite was performed, and the skins of the buffaloes had been secured, and when we returned to camp, all laid down from our wearied labors and fatigue, to sleep.

When we awoke in the morning, Carl Wayland was nowhere to be found; he had gone, no one knew where, nor could they guess the reason. The secret was known but to myself—that secret of the HUNTER'S FATAL RECK!

A RICH BILL OF FARE.—The following is the bill of fare at the Surf House, Fire Island, which a contemporary suggests, reminds one of Doosticks' famous beer programme—

Our food consists of fish and clams, oysters, lobsters, fish chowder, clam chowder, oysters fried, roasted, boiled and stewed, and raw; roasted clams, stewed clams, fish and clams, fish and oysters, oysters and fish, fish and clams, and clams and fish; oysters and clams, and clams and oysters, oysters and lobsters, and lobsters and oysters, lobsters and fish and lobsters, and fish.

PRINCIPALLY.—Newly married men always feel rich. Money is of no account. A couple were tied in Euclid the other day. The overjoyed bridegroom pulled out a brand new quarter of a dollar, and showing it in the face of the clergyman he exclaimed: "How does that look in yer eye, old fellow? Don't see them pieces every day, I guess."

THE WAR IN ITALY.

We cut from the N. Y. Times, the following abstract of the War in Italy, from its commencement to the peace. It is chiefly valuable for reference:

1850. PRELIMINARY EVENTS.

April 19.—Departure of the first body of French troops from Toulon—Austrian ultimatum dispatched from Vienna to Turin.

April 23.—It is received.

April 26.—The limit fixed for the ultimatum expires—Statement of the war question addressed to the Corps Legislatif by Count Walewski—French troops first crossed Mont Cenis.

April 26.—Revolution in Tuscany—the Grand Duke retires.

THE FIRST WEEK OF THE WAR—THE AUSTRIANS ENTER SARDINIA.

April 29.—The Austrians under Count Gyulai pass the Ticino—Marshal Canrobert and Gen. Nid reach Turin and assume command of their respective corps—Gen. McMahon arrives at Genoa—death of Gen. Bonat.

April 30.—The Austrians occupy Novara, The French Ambassador quits Vienna.

May 1.—King Victor Emmanuel leaves Turin to take command of his army, the Austrians occupy Mortara, their steamers seize the Sardinian ports on Lake Maggiore, three Austrian vessels repulsed in the lake.

May 2.—Manifesto of Napoleon III, addressed to the Corps Legislatif, the Austrians pass the Po at Cambio, they are repulsed in an attempted crossing of Frassinetto, they burn the bridge over the Seriva in Piacenza, the Austrian vanguard reaches Tranzano.

May 4.—The Duchess-Regent of Parma enters her Capital, the conflict at Frassinetto continues, the Austrians passing the Po at Vacarizza, advance to Sale, a cannonade, at Valenza.

THE SECOND WEEK OF THE WAR—THE FRENCH EMPEROR PROCEEDS TO THE SEAT OF WAR.

May 6.—General Cialdini issuing from Casale seizes a convoy of the enemy.

May 7.—The Austrians re-pass the Po Gerola.

May 10.—The Emperor Napoleon III, and the Prince Napoleon Jerome leave Paris for the seat of war, the Austrians complete a retrograde movement to the left of Sesia.

May 11.—The Emperor embarks at Marseilles—the Austrians pause at Verelli, and return re-occupying parties to the right bank of the river,